

IRMA TIMES

No. 27 Vol. IV

Irma, Alberta, Canada, Friday, October 1st 1920

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In fact we try to serve the district in anyway possible, if you don't trade here its your loss.

IRMA CO-OPERATIVE CO. LTD.

Mourning Death of Young Child

Another home in our community has been visited with scarlet fever with fatal results. Little Jessie Sawdon was taken sick on Saturday Sept. 11th and died on Friday night Sept. 17th. Jessie Innes was the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sawdon and a bright interesting girl of a little over two years of age. We sympathize with the bereaved parents in their loss which is particularly trying as this is the third of their children to die with scarlet fever.

Co-op Makes First Live Stock Shipment

Last Friday the Irma Co-operative Co. Ltd., made their first shipment of livestock consisting of 3 cars of cattle consigned to Winnipeg with Mr. Young of Manville in charge. The company are handling this department at first cost to the shipper and all stock is sold on the open market to the highest bidder thus giving the owner the best possible price, and all it costs is the actual expenses.

Women's Missionary Society Holds Meeting

The Woman's Missionary Society met with Mrs. Patterson on Thursday Sept. 16th. The attendance was not large but the meeting was enjoyable nevertheless. Mrs. Campbell giving a paper on the W.M.S. schools in Canada. It was decided to answer the roll call by answering a question proposed at a previous meeting. The question for next meeting being, "Why should we have a Missionary Society?" The society will hold its next meeting on Oct. 21st. at the parsonage.

U.F.A. Plan Big Membership Drive

The Central Political Committee of the U.F.A. have now made definite plans for staging a membership drive to cover the whole province the first week in November. Manitoba and Saskatchewan have completed arrangements for a similar drive for exactly the same time. Therefore this drive will extend throughout the three prairie provinces during the first week of November.

The object throughout the drive in each province will be the same—to collect the sum of \$5.00 from every farmer in the province, and to make every farmer and farm woman, farmer's sons and farmer's daughters, members of the U.F.A. and U.F.W.A. and political members in good standing, and to place our official organ in every farm home. The plan is One dollar out of each six will go into a central organization fund, out of which all expenses of the drive will be paid. This drive is to be self-supporting. It is to be paid for entirely out of the proceeds of the drive, but it is planned that the local, District Political Association, and Central will each receive One Dollar net from the membership subscription.

Duck Dinner on Friday, October 7th

A Duck dinner will served in the basement of the church at 7.30 on Oct. 7th. to the members and their ladies of L.O.L. No. 2066 After the dinner a regular meeting will be held in the Lodge, Hall Co-op Block.

Church Services.

11 a.m. Preaching and Bible Study as Strawberry Plains
1.30 p.m. Preaching as Sunny Brae
7.30 p.m. Preaching at Irma Sunday School Sessions
Irma at 11 a.m.
Sunny Brae, Alma Mater at 2.30
Ross at 3 p.m.

Rally Day In Irma Sunday Schools

Last Sunday was Rally Day in the Sunday Schools at Alma Mater and Irma, and the program was instructive and intensely interesting. As conditions allow we are following this program in all the schools in the district and hope a great Sunday school interest will be maintained during the fall and winter months. This Sunday at Strawberry Plains and Sunny Brae and Irma at the regular hour of the preaching service, special emphasis will be placed on the Study of the Bible and the need for greater attention to it in our community. Every one is specially invited attend these services Sunday.
C. G. Hoekin, Pastor.

Sunday School Has an Appeal

This is the time year when it is pleasant to get out and go somewhere. The days are not so hot but one can enjoy them. That means that all that demands a little of our time and strength can receive attention. So we want to put the Sunday school claim to you. A very interesting program is provided by the Sunday school boards of the different Canadian churches and our local Sunday schools are following that program and issuing an invitation to every one in this community to come to this special rally day meeting. They hope it will manifest the importance of a live Sunday school supported by all the community.

U. F. A.

The monthly U.F.A. meeting is called for Saturday October 2nd. at 2 o'clock. Members please take notice and be on time.

U. F. W. A.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. J. H. Elliott, Thursday, Oct. 7th.

Tax Sale

Sale of lands in the Municipal District of Battle River No. 423 for arrears of taxes.

Notice is hereby given that certain lands in the Municipal District of Battle River No. 423 will be offered for sale for arrears of taxes and costs, in the village of Irma, on the 15th day of November, A.D. 1920, at the hour of 2 o'clock p.m. A full list of said lands may be seen in the Irma Times, in issues dated Sept. 17th 1920 and Sept. 24th 1920.

Dated at Irma, the 27th. day of Sept. 1920.

R. J. TATE.
Treasurer.

McCormick and Deering Binders

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McCormick improved binders do all of them with a certainty that pleases their owners. Saves the grain whether short or tall, ripe or green, standing or lodged. Easy to pull, easy to operate, wear a long time.

Call and talk it over with us.

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SPORTS AFIELD

WITH ROD AND GUN IN WESTERN CANADA

True Tales of Real Experiences in the Pursuit of Game.
Reminiscences of Past and Nearby Days.
Life in the Open Places.

THE TRAGIC TALE OF THE VALENCIA—A CANADIAN HEROINE—LEFT TO PERISH—A BOAT TRIP ON THE WEST COAST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.

This story can hardly come under the caption of "Sports Afield." It might with more propriety be termed "Sports Afloat." Some of it was not much sport of any kind to me.

It has to do with a trip that I took up the west coast of Vancouver Island with B. W. Bawden, the western manager for the big timber firm of J. D. Lacey and Company, of Chicago, New Orleans, and a number of other places. Incidentally our business was to examine some thirty sections of timber land at some wild and God forgotten place; and Bawden had a bunch of cruisers who were to do the real work in the woods.

Accordingly we took passage on the Tees, a staunch little steel steamer, which the C.P.R. kept for one of the stormiest runs in all the seven seas.

An Ocean Journey

We left Victoria in the middle of the night, and about breakfast time the ship was dipping gracefully to the long mounting swell of the open Pacific. We were running along a stern and forbidding coast. There was not a harbor for miles, and the big combers broke in spouting foam on the black rocks, or rolled in thunder on the stones of the beach. There were not many beaches, however, and where they showed as breaks in the black ramparts of the coast line, they were exposed to the full force of the seaward gale.

It was then summer time and the sea scene was daunting enough. What it must be when the gales of winter blow, and the seas run as high as a mountain range must be left to the imagination.

Brave Mariners

Bawden and I were on the bridge beside Ed Gilliam, the mate, a fine Newfoundland with the blue water roll in his walk, and the lifting seaward eye of the true mariner.

We were very proud of not being seasick and were smoking to show our bravado. He pointed out to us the place where the Valencia, the Frisco mail boat, went ashore a few years before, with an appalling loss of life. He told us the tale.

A Tragic Tale of the Sea

The Valencia was a fine steamer on the Frisco and Seattle run with Victoria as a port of call. The weather was thick and although there was not much wind a heavy swell was setting in from seaward.

There are strong ocean currents off the southwest corner of Vancouver Island, and they are so irregular that sailors cannot always rely upon their set.

The ship was groping her way into the opening of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and must have overrun her course.

Breakers Ahead

The captain was on the bridge and the leadsmen in the chains, when the lookout shouted "breakers on the starboard bow." Orders were shouted, the wheel was spun, the officer of the watch himself hanging on the spokes, and the telegraph bells jangled away down in the hollow depths of the engine room. But the ship was in the undertow, and a giant comber caught her and flung her like a

chip on a hidden rock, where she remained whilst the green seas swept over her.

The crew was called to their stations, and the passengers aroused by the shock and the commotion, huddled in their night clothes, on the forepart of the vessel. The bow was firmly fixed on the rock, but the stern was still afloat and swung to the sweeping seas. There was danger that she might be swept off at any minute when she would undoubtedly sink in deep water.

Ominous Conditions

The glass was falling and the wind rising, and the condition of that ship's company was a most precarious one.

There does not seem to have been much panic. The rising wind dispelled the fog, and showed the precipitous cliffs of the shore towering close inboard. There was a rocket gun on the vessel and signals of distress were made. The lightkeeper at Cape Beale peered out from his lantern, which was winking its eye to seaward, and away along the coast he saw a rocket soar up into the darkness. There was a ship on the rocks in sore distress. He trimmed his lamp, and felt very remote and helpless. There was no one nearer than Bamfield Creek, where the cable station was situated, and even had he been able to leave his beacon, which had to be kept burning at all hazards, the midnight journey through a rock-strewn forest presented almost incredible difficulties.

A Canadian Heroine

Either his wife or his daughter—forget which—was staying with him, and sharing his lonely vigil.

He called to her and together they watched the signals that told of human lives in sore distress. The wind increased in violence, the heavy seas boomed on the rocks, and the tower of the light-house swung in the gale. The man turned to attend to some duty about the lamps, and missed the woman from his side. In a few minutes she was back, dressed in oilskins and thick boots.

"I am going to carry the news to the cable station," she said quietly, "we can't leave them to perish there."

A Fearful Journey

Incredible as it may seem she succeeded in her mission. No one who does not know that country can conceive of the difficulties that beset her path. The forest was as black as the bottomless pit. There was not even the semblance of a path; windfalls made progress almost impossible; the way sometimes led over precipitous rocks; and there were no marks to guide.

News of Disaster

In the haggard pallor of a wind-driven dawn, she came to the cable station, torn, ragged and exhausted, but in a few minutes after her arrival the wires had flashed the news to Esquimaux harbor, and word came back that the William Jolliffe, a Belfast-built ocean tug with the black smoke standing in a column from her funnels, was steaming out the harbor mouth on the way to the rescue.

This brave woman never recovered from the effects of the hardships of that dreadful night and although her heroism was gratefully acknowledged she died a few years afterwards as a result of her experiences. She deserves a place with Laura Secord and Madeleine Vercheres as one of the

heroines of her country. Indeed I think her deed was a greater one than the historic exploits which brought fame to those two Canadian historical characters.

A Sad Predicament

In the meantime the position of those on the wrecked ship was perilous in the extreme. Some time during the night the captain was injured by an exploding rocket and his right hand blown off. He bound up the stump and soaked it in sea water and went about his work.

Some time during the day, the smoke of the William Jolliffe was seen and the ill-fated castaways eagerly strained their eyes as the staunch seagoing tug brought to, outside the rocks and rolled fearfully in the swells.

Too Late

It was too late. There was an enormous sea running, and no boat could hope to live in it. There was nothing to do but to stand by and hope for the weather to moderate. Another night of horror was passed by those on the wreck. The hulk was breeched by the seas and a number of the members of the crew and passengers swept away and drowned. When morning came the little company, huddled on the slanting decks, saw that another steamer was lying tossing in the swell; and hope dawned again.

But it was no use. The weather became so bad that it was even dangerous for the salvage vessels to remain and reluctantly they were forced to steam away. In desperation some of them made an attempt to get off on a life raft, and although many were snatched off by the waves and drowned a remnant reached the shore more dead than alive. One strong swimmer actually trusted himself to the mountainous breakers and made the land sadly battered but alive. The most of that ship's company were engulfed in the waters. It was one of the worst disasters in the history of the Canadian coasts.

However, this is a tale by the way. I started out to tell of our trip and I have wandered off on the tragic story of the Valencia.

We reached Clayquot, a little village beautifully situated on the inlet of the west coast, and there we made arrangements for our trip to Hesquuit where our timber was situated. We chartered a Columbia river boat with a dinky little engine in it, and having laid in a goodly supply of provisions, passed Flores Island, which by the way is not the one mentioned in Tennyson's ballad of the Revenge, and headed out to the open Pacific.

A Sailor

The boat was owned and skippered by a Norwegian named Arntt and like all his race he was a man and a sailor. The coast line was romantic and picturesque, the Pacific heaved in from Japan in long lazy undulations, a sea-lion with a half eaten salmon in its mouth dived from a skerry before I could uncover my rifle, and a whale blew to seaward.

The cruisers were not intrigued by the scene the least in the world. They rolled themselves up in their blankets at the bottom of the boat and went most compositely to sleep. Bawden and I, however, enjoyed every minute of it until we reached Hesquuit, which was merely a little bay protected from the ocean swells by a sand bar upon which the government had placed a whistling buoy which gave vent to weird noises whenever it was moved by the surge.

A German Nobleman

I had forgotten to mention that we had picked up a German nobleman at Clayquot to act as cook for the party. He said he was one way. He had a long blond moustache and a sad expression and looked much too mild for the part. He was accompanied by a large collie dog, that was continually scratching itself for fleas, and he carried with

him everywhere a long Winchester rifle. He may have been a successful nobleman but he was a most unsuccessful cook, and that night after we had made camp on the beach and tackled the supper which he provided, the cruisers went on strike at the grub, and would have abandoned us then and there if there had been any place for them to go. However, tents were pitched and hemlock boughs gathered for beds and we were fairly comfortable.

Fear of Mice

I have a peculiar disability that has seriously interfered with my enjoyment during many trips. I have an unconquerable aversion to mice, and as they are everywhere in this western country this has caused me many an unpleasant hour.

During our first night in camp on the Hesquuit beach, I woke up in the middle of the night, and was disturbed by a rustling and scratching among the foliage of my couch. I sat up and struck a light just in time to see a vicious looking mouse come in the tent door. I did not tarry an instant, but jumped from my bed, and passed the remainder of the night walking on the beach.

An Interesting Journey

In the morning Bawden and the cruisers went to locate the timber limits and Arntt, the Norwegian skipper of our boat, and I set out to explore the bay in a four-oared sealing boat which we had been towing astern of the larger craft.

At the head of the inlet we found a small freshwater stream which connected a large lake with the bay. We managed to force our small boat up the channel, and Arntt rowed the boat along the bank, whilst I put up my rod, and made a few casts for trout. There was not a responsive rise and as the lake winding in and out amongst rough wooded hills seemed to suggest adventure, I hauled in my line and taking the after pair of oars we set out on a voyage of exploration. After rowing steadily for five or six miles the channel narrowed to a mere stream, which we followed for a few hundred yards and then emerged upon the surface of another lake which stretched away among the hills as far as we could see.

A Wild Region

It is impossible to describe the wild and desolate appearance of that lonely region. The lake ruffled with little dancing waves, was the only uniform thing which met the eye. Great rugged hills which were jumbled masses of precipice and rock were slashed and seared with wooded ravine and gloomy chasm. There was no uniformity; and it conveyed the impression, that when God was building the rest of the world, He had used this lonely valley as a dumping place for the titanic fragments and debris that he could not use in His architecture. There was a sense of remoteness utter and primeval. In the far distance a snow crowned peak raised a slender spiral to the sky, contemptuous of its unkempt surroundings.

Game in Sight

As we swung leisurely at the oars, and skirted the shore, Arntt suddenly leaned forward and pointed out a deer to me. It was a fine buck standing upon a rock about a hundred yards above us. I quietly shipped my oars, reached for the rifle which was lying on the stern seat, and ran a shell to the chamber. Arntt in the meantime was backing the boat towards a little sandy beach. I took a hurried shot and the bullet must have passed just over the head of the deer for it cowered down a little, but did not otherwise change his posture. I fired again but the boat was dancing in the little lake waves and again I missed. Still the deer remained, and just then Arntt grounded the

stern of the boat on the sand and I was able to fire my third shot steadily and surely. The buck sank down upon the ledge, gave a few kicks and then lay still. We leaped ashore and started to climb towards our fallen game. Arntt with his long legs was soon away ahead of me but I followed as fast as possible.

A Dizzy Height

In the excitement of the moment I did not pay much attention to where I was going, and when I paused for breath I found that I was looking down at the lake that lay almost sheer below me from an elevation of more than three hundred feet. I was at once assailed by the vertigo which comes to those who are not habituated to high places. The whole scene of mountain and lake and fantastic jumble of rocks swam before me, and I had to make a strong effort to keep my self control. I shouted to Arntt and in a few minutes he joined me. Nothing could daunt that Norseman. He was as much at home amongst those dizzy crags as a mountain goat. He steered me carefully into a little wooded gut, and the touch of his hand was the most comforting thing I had ever known. He told me to remain there until he had got the deer, saying that it was the sheer drop that caused the dizziness, and that when trees or foliage intervened, very little uneasiness was caused. I found that he was correct.

Vicious Flies

As I waited for him perspiring and a little shaken I was assailed by the most vicious biting flies I have ever experienced. There seemed to be two varieties of them. Big grey fellows that came at you humming, and snipped a bit out of your cheek; and little black ones that gave you a poisonous sting. When Arntt rejoined me carrying the dead deer over his shoulder he exclaimed at my appearance. These vicious flies chewed me up so badly that there were little spurts of blood standing out all over my face. We reached camp safely and had venison for supper.

A Night of Trouble

Having the mouse of the previous night in mind, I made up my mind that I would not again sleep in the tent. Our Columbia River boat was moored out on the stream, and I thought that if I made my bed there that I would be safe from the attacks of any predatory mice.

Accordingly I had the cook row me off to the big boat, where I made my bed. I rolled myself in my blanket and soothed by the gentle motion soon began to drowse off. Unfortunately, however, the cook's dog had been on board and shed a whole colony of fleas about him and they soon began to do their work. Sleep was out of the question and it was too dark to catch fleas; besides there were too many of them.

A Dark Swim

I stood it as long as I could and then I hailed the shore to send a boat. I got no response, the sound of the surge on the sea beach drowned my shouts; and it seemed as if I were marooned with the fleas for company until morning. I bore it as patiently as possible and then I made up my mind to swim ashore. I accordingly plunged boldly into the water, which was exceedingly grateful to the flea bites.

Lost in the Ocean

From the elevation of the boat I had seen the outlines of the shore distinctly, but when swimming and low to the water I lost sight of it altogether. After a bit I lost my senses of direction and on endeavoring to return to the boat, could not find it. The water was not cold, but I could not tell whether I was progressing in the direction of Japan or Vancouver Island.

Every once in a while the whistling buoy in the harbor bay would be disturbed by a comber and made a dreadful grunting sound like a cow in a convulsion which did not add a bit to the pleasure of the situation. However, on stretching out one of my legs I struck bottom and found that I was close to the beach about a quarter of a mile from the camp. I walked the distance very painfully in my bare feet and was glad enough, mice or no mice, to roll into the blankets.

More Trouble

The following morning, probably on account of my long immersion in the water I developed a dreadful toothache. This lasted for a couple of days and I was so worn out that I simply had to get relief. There was a doctor at Clayquot and Arntt agreed to take me to him. In Tennyson's classic language we "shot across the harbor bay," and sheeting home the main sail, started a run in a choppy sea down the coast. I was suffering dreadfully and was lying in my blankets at the bottom of the boat.

There was quite a breeze blowing and we were heading towards the passage between Flores Island and Vancouver Island when Arntt said: "Here comes a boat and I believe it is the doctor."

Sure enough, as we got closer a big powerful launch, bearing a red cross flag, came smashing towards us across the Pacific swells. We hauled alongside and out there with no land to the west of us, except Japan, and tossing and tumbling in the waves, that good Samaritan of a doctor pulled my tooth, and tossed it in the Pacific.

A Dead Man

By the way, Hesquuit, where our camp was, used to have a bad reputation. The Indians who lived there, twenty or thirty years ago, were pure savages.

A veteran missionary named Father Brebant, established a little mission, brought in some cattle and eventually succeeded in weaning them away from the most objectionable of their savage customs. These Indians, like most of them at the coast, had a habit of putting away their dead in boxes and leaving them in the branches of trees until the wood decayed and the bankrupt relics of humanity fell to the ground.

One unfortunate Indian had a cataleptic fit and falling into a trance had all the appearance of death. His relatives stuffed him into a box and it not being big enough, they broke his legs to help the process of stowage. After hanging on a tree for some hours he came to life again.

A Brave Priest

He knew it was no use going to his own people for help because and tumbling from his perch, cause their idea was that if a man is once dead he should stay dead; so after breaking out of the he crawled to the house of the missionary, who took him in and cared for him.

The other Indians came after him with the object of turning him into a sure enough corpse; but Father Brebant stood them off with a shot gun, and on the first fitting opportunity had the unfortunate man removed to Victoria. He lived for many years afterwards, although the break in his legs never properly united.

A New Animal

A "catalo," a new word and new animal is one of the triumphs of the Dominion authorities within the last few years. A catalo is a hybrid, part buffalo and part common cattle. The new cross retains much of the hardness of the bison, and is ensured to facing driving storms. It has a coat of shorter but glossier hair than the buffalo and in the opinion of many makes a more beautiful robe. In size the catalo is larger than either parent as a rule. When used for food it furnishes many good cuts.

PEOPLE, BOOKS AND THINGS

A WEEKLY CASUIRE OF CASUAL THINGS—
TREATED IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A PATRIOTIC PAGEANT

A REPRESENTATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE WEST TO TAKE PLACE AT EDMONTON.—A PRAIRIE BLIZZARD.—EXPERIENCES OF THE OLD-TIMERS.—A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

The two great western cities of Vancouver and Edmonton are making arrangements for the staging of pageants to commemorate the anniversary of the Hudsons Bay Company, that extraordinary organization, which after its union with the North West Company held potent sway over the imperial domain of the North West, and out of which the four western provinces have been carved. So far as I can gather, it is intended to stage representations of every period which has figured in the evolution of the country.

The marvellous adventures of Radisson, that strange and dashing figure of romance whose exploits exceed the imagination of a Dumas, and whose friendship with the grey old veteran Prince Rupert resulted in obtaining from the British king the charter for the Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudsons Bay, will, of course, receive fitting attention. Then there is the epic of Verendrye, that gallant Canadian soldier and gentleman, who consecrated the life of himself and those of his sons to the quest for the western sea. There is no more glowing page in Canadian history, and none more inspiring. Were the pageant devoted alone to the portrayal of the exploits of this remarkable family, there would be a wealth of material.

There are also pictures to be presented of the operations of the North Westers, whose influence after the amalgamation became so potent in the councils of the Hudsons Bay Company. Its headquarters were in Montreal, and it was officered almost entirely by men of gentle Highland lineage. It was the organization which represented the natives of the country. Almost the entire Metis population was in its service. Alexander Mackenzie, who reached the Pacific coast by way of Burke's Channel and afterwards explored the great river which bears his name to its outlet in the Arctic Sea, was one of its officers. Fraser, of the great Scottish house of Lovat, established posts in New Caledonia and certainly acquired what is now British Columbia for Britain; David Thompson, who followed the Columbia River from its source to where it swept over the bar to swell the waters of the Pacific, was also a North West; and there was a coterie besides of men great in administration, commerce and exploration.

Never was a pageant planned which had more dramatic possibilities. The cities of Edmonton and Vancouver are to be congratulated on what they are doing in this respect, but what about Winnipeg, Calgary and Regina? Are they going to take no part? Have they no interest in the common history of our country, or does history begin and end with them in politics?

So far as the average every day inhabitant of this country knows the history of the west began when the C. P. R. threw its steel rails across the plains in the early eighties. Some people had heard

of Louis Riel, his provisional Government of Rupert's Land, and the Wolsley expedition; but outside of Parliament there were mighty few who knew anything real of the west before the coming of the railroad. A mantle of oblivion lay—and still lies—upon the past of the western country. Our school books make a few passing references to the fur trading corporations, but apart from that, there is little to tell our students of what was passing in the west when our fathers went to school.

How many people know for instance, that a hundred years before Queen Victoria came to the throne, there was a French-Canadian establishment at Portage La Prairie; that there was a tribe of Indians who came to trade there, who are declared by one of the most eminent authorities to have been descended from a party of Welsh immigrants who sailed away into the western ocean from the shores of their own rugged land, many centuries ago; and that as recently as the early sixties over four thousand carts went to the Saskatchewan plains to carry back to the Red River the results of the annual buffalo hunt; or of the long and sanguinary struggle that was waged between the rival fur companies.

There has been a singular apathy in regard to the history of the country we live in. British Columbia has done a good deal to rescue great names and historic exploits from the limbo of oblivion; Manitoba and Alberta have each done something to place in their archives the records of the country; but so far Saskatchewan has done absolutely nothing.

The Americans, or at least some of them, have again been engaged

in winning the war with their mouths. A great family journal, which in most things is pretty fair, is the latest publication to join the chorus of self adulation, which so many Americans have been singing about their Tourist trip to France. An enterprising Yankee journalist rises to remark that Britain did not do so much after all. It took her nearly three years to put two million men in the field, and America performed the same feat in about a year.

Paying no attention to the incorrectness of these figures, it is hardly possible to conceive a more dishonest statement. In the first place without the assistance of the British navy, it would have been impossible for the United States to have landed one single soldier in Europe; and furthermore the war had been going on pretty severely for three years before America had one man in the fighting line, if we except those highspirited volunteers who fought in the British and French armies. Enough of this bombast; it is more in keeping with the traditional Yankee of the comic stage than with the dignity of a great nation.

Last week a terrific blizzard swept the western country. In Canada it raged from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, and spread down south to the States on our border. It was perhaps at its worst on the unsheltered plains of Central Saskatchewan. It was a snorter; a real old-timer, one of those you read about but seldom see. Fortunately it was not so very cold, but it was so thick that hardly a single object could be distinguished out of doors.

After the storm had passed, the tale began to come in of danger and suffering and in some cases death. There were some pathetic incidents. A young girl perished in the storm whilst sheltering her young brothers from the elements; a homesteader lost his way in the drift between the stable and the house and wandered around until he fell exhausted in the snow; and a man driving his team along a prairie trail was frozen to death. The blizzard was a very bad one, and old-timers indulged in many reminiscences of

previous storms of the early prairie days. It was astonishing how few fatalities there were. Many of the prairie wayfarers drove the slow moving oxen; houses were few and far between; there were no fences; and few people had fur coats; they had not enough money to buy them.

There were many narrow escapes and hardly a winter passed without some tale of tragedy. Sometime in the late eighties a settler of the Wascana district drove his ox team to Regina for a load of provisions. After concluding his business in the prairie capital, he made preparations to return home. It was bitterly cold; and the wind was rising and swirling the snow in drifts over the land. His friends advised him not to start, but it was sometimes difficult then to raise money for board and lodging, and he adventured on the journey. He was some miles on his way when night came down accompanied by a tempestuous blizzard. Soon all land marks were obliterated, and the plunging of the oxen showed that they had lost the trail. The farmer was a strong and rugged westerner, and he was not going to surrender to the storm without a struggle. He halted his team and commenced to prospect about

for the trail. He had not taken two steps before he was engulfed in the tempest. It was bitterly cold, and he began to feel the numbness in his limbs that betokened exhaustion. He turned about and struggled on. Again and again he fell, but he resolutely refused to give way to the lassitude that was stealing over him. At last the wind moderated, and he saw the lights of Regina twinkling at him out of the smother. By this time he had lost the power of walking, but the sight of the lights, that told of hope and safety, stimulated him, and with indomitable courage he set out to crawl on all fours the four or five miles which separated him from the town. And strangest of all, he got there. His hands and feet and portions of his face were frozen to the bone, and he lost a portion of his nose. He recovered and was for many years afterwards a well-known farmer of the Regina Plains. The oxen were found the next day standing in a snowdrift and frozen to death.

I am afraid that I have let my pen run away with me this week. I had intended to tell the readers of this column about a beautiful little book that had been written and published in the province of Saskatchewan, but I will have to try and do that in another issue.

J. M. Hamilton

Another Trunk Tragedy

The body of Mrs. George Evans, aged 20, was found by her sister, Mrs. Albert Powell, in a trunk in her rooms in New Britain, Conn. She had been strangled, apparently by reins from a toy horse belonging to her four year old son. Mr. and Mrs. Evans boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Powell. Evans was discharged from a hospital recently and disappeared. He is 26 years old. A man taken to Bellevue hospital in New York after having attempted suicide at the Park Avenue hotel, is alleged by the police to have confessed that he is George Evans and that he strangled his wife at their lodgings in New Britain, Conn. The man had cut his throat with a piece of bottle glass and taken poison. Two detectives heard his story.

Sir Robert Borden Recovering

The latest information reaching Ottawa as to the health of Sir Robert Borden is to the effect that the premier is rapidly regaining his former health and if recovery is maintained, he will likely be in Ottawa about May 1. As the session is expected to continue for a couple of weeks after that date, expectations are that the premier will take his place in the commons chamber before prorogation.

Wet Feet

In an effort to protect their feet from the wet and slush of the streets after the storm, Winnipeg people cleaned out the entire stock of rubbers in a number of shoe stores, and left others with broken lines only, especially in men's rubbers, local shoe men reported. They estimated that at least 12,000 pairs of rubbers were purchased during one day by men, women and children.

PREPARE FOR BUILDING

Merrick Anderson Get Ready

Anticipating considerable activity in building operations in Western Canada in 1920 the firm of Bird and Son Limited, of Hamilton, large manufacturers of building paper, have had representatives in the west, estimating the probable demands of this country for the coming season.

The directors of the Merrick Anderson company have announced that they have closed a contract with the Hamilton firm to act as their exclusive distributors for the provinces of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. This will include the handling of the Neppson building paper and felt, the well known paroid roofing, wall boards, etc.

The Merrick Anderson company recently purchased from Donald H. Bain the warehouse just west of the Merrick Anderson property, which will give room to carry the stock of the firm of Bird and Son. George A. Merrick stated to the Free Press that the extraordinary gain in business which has marked recent months is still being maintained and gives no sign of cessation.

In spite of the crop failure in sections of the west last fall and the comparative failure in various portions of the country in recent years, the buying power of the provinces is undiminished and very large quantities of goods are being absorbed every month.

Considerable extensions are being made this year in connection with the paper and paint plants of the Merrick Anderson company and further improvements will be made if conditions warrant this year.

Manitoba Free Press.

Subterranean Water

While digging for a well last week, D. F. McKee, a homesteader in the Whitemouth district, a short distance southeast of Winnipeg, forced his pick through the earth into a subterranean channel. The water gushed through the opening with great force, completely submerging him, according to information received. It is quite probable that Mr. McKee would have been drowned if he had not been able to reach a rope close at hand, with which he was hauled out of danger.

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If you are interested in the estate of a deceased person as Executor, Heir, Creditor or otherwise, and wish assistance in having the estate administered, consult us.

We are handling estates every day of the year and consequently can place at your disposal the experience, facilities and service necessary to insure satisfaction, with the minimum of charge.

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How are You Investing your Savings?

☐ The Province of Alberta offers two splendid forms of investment—**Saving Certificates** redeemable on demand, paying 5% interest compounded half-yearly.

☐ And **Ten-year Gold Bonds** paying 6% interest payable half-yearly by coupon.

☐ There is **No Investment Safer** or Better.

☐ **Saving Certificates** help you to build up a **Saving Account**—**Alberta Gold Bonds** are the best form of investment in which to place those Savings.

Alberta Gold Bonds may also be obtained from any recognized bond house in the Province of Alberta.

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HON. C. R. MITCHELL,
Provincial Treasurer.

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Deputy Provincial Treasurer,
Parliament Buildings, Edmonton, Alberta.

The New Twenty-year Capital Return Policy

(Issued by The Canada Life)

A Young Man and His Future



He takes his first step in business affairs, is examined by the doctor, and creates an estate of \$5,000.



He improves the shining hour and impresses upon an important person that he is in possession of an "estate."



His tendency to save and invest is noted by his employers.



He finds his savings of great assistance in buying a home.



And as time goes on he is enabled to enjoy many of the good things of life.

Absolutely guarantees the return at the end of twenty years of all annual deposits, with accumulated profits, after giving you insurance protection for twenty years.

Easily Understood:

1st. Deposits are made yearly. This is what you are saving, and at the end of 20 years the Canada Life guarantees the return of every dollar paid in.

2nd. Your life is insured from the day you make the first deposit,—for \$5,000, or whatever amount you decide.

3rd. Dividends are paid at stated intervals in addition to the return of all deposits at the end of 20 years.

4th. These dividends may be used to reduce the amount of your yearly deposits, or be allowed to accumulate at interest for 20 years.

5th. The cash value of Policy and Dividends represents a valuable asset, useful in business, and your "estate" is protected by the insurance.

6th. At the end of Twenty Years you can draw out all you have paid in, along with the accrued dividends—

---or---

you can draw a Special Cash Guarantee, together with the Accumulated Dividends, making a substantial sum, and leave the \$5,000 Policy fully paid for and continuing to earn Dividends as long as you live—

---or---

this Special Cash Guarantee may be applied to increase the amount of your policy to more than \$7500.

An Immediate Estate

The great advantage over any other form of investment is that a small percentage paid yearly creates immediately an estate of \$5,000, or more.

These active, progressive years of life in which you are earning the most money are the years in which premiums can be more easily met.

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EDMONTON ALTA.

FILL UP—
H. W. LOPE LOCAL AGENT IRMA ALTA.
Dear Sir—Without obligation on my part, you may send me particulars of your
Name _____
Address _____
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MAIL TODAY

The Road to Independence



Trouble comes to all of us at one time or another.
The man with a snug bank account, is fortified against the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune".
It is the duty of every man to lay aside something for the inevitable rainy day.
Open a Savings Account today—and take your first step along the road to Independence.

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Head Office: Montreal. OF CANADA Established 1864.
IRMA BRANCH, W. MASSON, Manager.
CALGARY STOCK YARDS BRANCH, W. T. HOPKIRK, Manager.

Are You Prepared For It?

When did prospects for a bumper crop—a real honest-to-good harvest—ever seem brighter?? Those who claim to know even go as far as to predict \$5.00 wheat this fall and other grains proportionately high.

THOUSANDS OF FARMERS

who have weather "the gale" for the past few years of lean crops will replace their shacks by substantial buildings.

MAKE YOUR PLANS AHEAD

and figure accordingly on putting up a building to conform with what you owe your family and yourself.

We are the leading lumber dealers. We give you satisfaction to start on and satisfaction to finish with and

"BETTER LUMBER FOR HOME-BUILDING"

The IMPERIAL LUMBER CO., Ltd.

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List your Help Wanted with us.

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Made in the province you make
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The Edmonton Cigar Factory, Limited.
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Solicits the patronage of all the residents of the Irma district. Special prices quoted on Beef by the quarter.
Fresh Fish, Fresh Meats, Sausage, Lard, Smoked and Cured Meats always on hand

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ICE CREAM, ICE COLD SOFT DRINKS

LUNGHERS AT ALL HOURS, FRUITS IN SEASON

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO AUTO PARTIES

Otto Bethge, Proprietor



OUR SIGN

does not tell all about our lumber yard. It does not tell the difference between our lumber and ordinary grades. It does not tell of our readiness to help you with your plans and specifications. If you want to know what really good lumber service is come and see us.

Coal prices advance August 1st. We have several cars on order and can protect you if you buy now. See us at once for special prices on coal.

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P. J. HARDY
Manager

IRMA,
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IRMA MARKET

Prices subject to change without notice.

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No. 1	2.11
No. 2	2.08
No. 3	2.03
OATS	
2 CW	.52
Extra Feed	.49
1 Feed	.46
RYE	
No. 2	1.39
Rejected	1.34
BARLEY	
No. 3	.70
No. 4	.65
No. 5	.60
FLAX	
No. 1	2.85
No. 2	2.80
STOCK	
Cows	3 to 7c
Steers	5 to 8c
Hogs	18c
PRODUCE	
Butter	55c
Eggs	55c
Sugar	25c
Flour	7.75
Potatoes	1.00
Twine	20c

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to sell our list of hardy nursery stock. Largest list of hardy varieties, tested and recommended by western experimental stations, including fruit trees, small fruits, seed potatoes, tree seedlings, rooted cuttings for wind-breaks and shelter-belts, ornamentals, hardy shrubs, vines, etc.

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All Kinds of
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Cream

sell your cream to the

Swift Canadian Co.

Ltd for SPOT CASH

and a straight deal on every can.

IRMA BUYER
F. W. Watkinson

SPORT DOPE

By BUCK

"All entered in good faith and without prejudice"

Those "Freshmen" of the harvest field who have prayed for a rest sure have had their prayers answered. But we do not, hardly, think it was necessary to arouse the weather man's feeling of remorse to such an extent that he had to weep for over three whole days as the consequence of these poor fellows' cries for rest. And it is too bad to beat their fellow workers, who really want to work, also the money, out of seven good dollars every day that they had to lay up.

Don't forget the big dances that are to be in running every two weeks all winter. If you can't dance, come any way—you'll never learn any other way. Don't be a "wall flower" get into the fun and make yourself as useful as well as good looking. We don't mind you decorating the sets, but would much rather have you hopping around with the rest of the gang. So bring the wife, the girl, or the whole family and we'll guarantee you a good winter's pastime. Remember the first of these series of dances is to be held in the Co-op hall on Friday, Oct. 8, and on every second and fourth Wed's in each month thereafter.

Mr Bell who has been relieving at the station has left us. We forgot to mention that Mr. Bell is a great nephew of the world famous Nat Bell, who manufactures hair tonic, etc. It might have been a good thing, seeing that it is so near Xmas, to have got in good standing with Mr. Bell, and thereby stand a chance of receiving a bottle of hair-tonic or etc from his great uncle, Nat, at the yule tide.

Isn't it hard luck when you are just on the verge of kissing your girl—and a sneeze beats you to it? This is the sad fate that befell a certain young fellow from viking while sitting in front of the Kinsella school house the night of the fair. I think it was Chester Gravert, but I ain't certain.

Speaking of the Kinsella fair, it was some "Baby" for from all reports the "Baby Show" made the biggest hit. Please don't surprise us again Kinsella by such a flourishing and the fair what was meant when you advertised the flying machine—you're always in the air! But you gave us a good dance that makes up for it. The only thing we would suggest is that you get a larger hall—for you get the crowds—and the funny part of it is none of them kick about the price of admission—we have one or two kickers in Irma—but on the whole we have a very respectable crowd and their good will makes up for the continual grouching of those few others. And we expect a banquet dance, jazz band, everything for the mere sum of one bean, especially in these times of H.C.L. and increased freight rates. Nevertheless we are going to try and give them a dollar's worth of good time, good eats, and music with added attractions from time to time, during the series of dances that are to commence on Oct. 29th. To the citizens of Kinsella, Jarow and all surrounding districts, including and not forgetting Wainwright, we beg to extend an invitation to these dances and can assure you of a good time at least.

What has become of the guy that used to say, "fan him Andy and his worth two bucks?"

A young man was proposing to a certain fair damsel in Irma, not long ago, and after he had told her all the old stuff, she said "the man I marry must be upright and grand." "H—woman," he said, rising to his feet, "it's a piano you want, not a man."

A lady from the Irma district had occasion to travel over the Extremely Dangerous & Badly Constructed Railway (or E. D. & B. C.) and during the trip the train piled itself up in the ditch. After some time had elapsed the conductor came back along the track and seeing the lady sitting on the embankment, asked her how she had fared in the accident. "Oh was that an accident," said the Irma lady. "I thought it was

something unusual as I have read everything on my ticket, and, no where have I noticed anything about this—I am glad you have included it in the ticket for it does get monotonous riding all day." This all goes to show that the women of Irma are sure cool-headed.

NOW HE IS SORE.

One of our young men gave his best girl a ouija board last week and went down to her house to try it out. She asked, "Who shall I marry?" It answered, "the other fellow."

The Strome editor chuckles over things like this: Little and little, and bit by bit Women found out why Eve made a hit; And gradually they're getting back to it, Little by little and bit by bit.

The country is just now secured by enthusiastic hunters, with \$10 dogs and \$50 guns, who shoot away \$3 worth of ammunition, wear out \$5 worth of clothes, and spend \$2 worth of time, to get 30c worth of game.

Is a gay life. A young fellow down near Killam asked for the girl's hand and got the old man's foot.

Doctors now declare that kissing is a disease. Down around Jarow some of the people think that kissing is a disease with the young people there.

The Chinese are said to be the greatest people on earth for making word pictures. When they want to write the word "trouble" they draw a picture of a house with two women in it.

"Don't be a Blank" screams at you from every page of the Tofield Mercury. The editor's mind must be blank or he would get busy and fill his rag with something else.

Vote 'er dry.
And drink on the sly.
—office poet

The country newspaper scribblers are going to meet in Calgary next week. Among the burning questions of the day to be discussed is prescriptions, not subscriptions as you might suppose. Ye editor of this column will make a motion that country editors should have the privilege of issuing prescriptions to the dry and thirsty. Editor Johnstone of Strome whose knowledge of best brands, and possessor of as fine a corkscrew as ever nicked a cork, will second the motion. The printers could print their own prescription forms, thus saving the government a lot of money. The government should jump at this chance.

Things to worry about—
Your neighbors.
Growing old.
Sneaky shoes.

Then He Lost His Job

Out in Missouri a farmer gave a printing office an order for sale bills. The job was promised for June 30th. The date being just before the prolonged drought started, the printer decided to take a few parting drinks. He took several. Then he happened to remember the bills that were promised for delivery that day and staggered to the office to get out the job. The farmer called for the bills, paid for them, took them home and the next day started to put them up. This is what he read when he came down to the list of articles for sale: 25 cows broke to work; 11 head of cultivators coming in soon; 10 head of shovelling bears with scythes by side; 8 piano organs, 120 rods of canvas better being than new; De Laval cow with ice cream attachment; McCormick binder in foal; Poland China bobbed due to farrow in April, 14 head of chickens with grass seed attachments in good working order; 2 J. I. Case tractors as new; spraying outfit can be ridden by children, 15 hilly goats, 70 bushels capacity with spraying nozzle and other attachments; many other articles too numerous to mention, which I expect to get at night between now and sale.

VIKING

The first annual fair of the schools of Viking and district was held last Thursday, Sept. 23rd. The following schools were represented: viking, Hayden, Lomedale, Rutherglen, Clover Lodge and Glenlea. In spite of the busy season a large number of parents and interested friends visited the school house during the afternoon where the exhibits where on display after 4 o'clock when the judges finished their work.

At one o'clock the various schools line up in front of the viking school house and formed in a parade that went up and down main street, the pupils singing songs and giving their school yells. It was the first parade that has been held in town for a long time and it was both interesting and novel. The cars from each district were all dolled up for the occasion, Rutherglen taking the first prize with Lomedale a close second. About one hundred pupils marched, some leading the calves and sheep which they had cared for.

The display of vegetables was wonderful, and the garden products and grain exhibits as a whole indicated the wellknown fertility of the district and the agricultural ability of the children. There were over sixty exhibits of beets alone. And you ought to have seen those big potatoes, they had it all over some seen at the larger fairs.

The samples of sewing and cooking told of talents in domestic science. The exhibits of arts and manual arts, the penmanship and map drawing reflected credit on both teachers and pupils. The exhibits in the school competition which included collections of weeds, insects, etc., were fair. Rutherglen took this prize handsly. The livestock show was good with several exhibits of calves and sheep. Judging from the variety and looks of the cakes and baking, there are some good cooks growing up in the viking district, including the boys who tried their hand at baking.

The Judges, all of whom came from the vermillion school of agriculture, expressed themselves as well pleased with the showing made and the fair compared favourably with any school fair held in the province.

The whole fair reflected credit on all concerned. The teachers all entered into the work with a will, as well as pupils in general. The threatening weather in the afternoon somewhat put a damper on the sports program but a series of good races were run nevertheless.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hilliker last week were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Center, of Innisfail, Mr. and Mrs. F. Ryan, of Delhi, Ont., and Mr. W. H. Wilbur, of Elhi. Mrs. Center was formerly Miss Ila Kent, who has visited here on several occasions. Mr. Wilbur is Mrs. B. Hilliker's father.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Wheeler returned last Friday from Edmonton after a month's absence. Rev. Wheeler who underwent a serious operation some time ago is steadily gaining and we all hope he will be soon restored to his former good health and strength.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Bamsey, Innisfail, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday, September 15th, when their third daughter, Margaret Bessie, was united in marriage to Mr. Gordop Allen Thompson, of Viking, the Rev. J. S. Short, of Olds, officiating.

Amid showers of confetti and good wishes the happy couple left on the afternoon train for a short trip to Calgary, after which they will leave for their future home in Viking.

The newlyweds are well and favorably known and a host of friends in this community wish them a full measure of success and happiness.

The bride formerly taught in the Viking schools, and the groom is one of the rising young men of the district. They will reside on a farm near Birch Lake.

Elliott-Brickman.

On the afternoon of Sept. 23rd, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brickman, Phillips, their youngest daughter, Bessie C., and Lieut. John D. Elliott were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Rev. Mr. Gordon, pastor of the Metropolitan church, South Edmonton, a few years ago, now of Camrose, an old and highly esteemed friend of the family, officiated, making the third time he has performed the marriage ceremony in the Brickman family.

Miss Gladys Shipman, of Edmonton, played the wedding march as the bride and groom entered the room followed by three dainty little flower girls, Betty Cooper, Mary Agnes Brickman and Helen Westbrook, nieces of the bride. Wearing white embroidered dresses with white silk sashes and each carrying a basket of sweet peas, their appearance elicited murmur of admiration from the assembled guests.

The bride attired in a dress of white crepe de chene and georgette and carrying a beautiful bouquet of roses looked charming. The groom's gift to the bride was an elegant pearl pendant.

All the members of the Brickman family, four sons and four daughters, also nine of the eleven grandchildren were present. The other guests were Mrs. Brickman's sister, Miss Templeton, formerly of the O.S.D., Belleville, Ont., Mr. Henry Westbrook, of Scotland, Ont., and a few intimate friends of the bride and groom from Irma, Wainwright, Edmonton and Jasper.

After the ceremony a sumptuous buffet lunch was served to which ample justice was done. The icing and ornamentation of the wedding cake was done by Mr. J. F. Reeves, of Mannville, father of Mrs. W. J. Brickman. Having been an expert at this class of work in England it certainly was a work of art and one hated to see the knife applied.

The happy couple left amid a shower of confetti, rice, etc. by the 7.20 p.m. train for Calgary and intended passing the fall months on the groom's ranch at the foothills, then spending the winter in Edmonton.

The bride's travelling dress was a tailored suit of navy blue serge, blue georgette blouse and hat to match. The wedding presents were numerous and costly showing the esteem in which both bride and groom are held.

The bride has been in the G.T.P. roadmaster's office in Edmonton for about two years and was previously a successful teacher in the Viking public school.

The groom's boyhood home was in Elanworth, Ont., but the lure of the west caught him and he opened the first hardware store in Irma. However, at the Country's Call he enlisted and went overseas with the first contingent in 1914, returning after the armistice, was signed. Enlisting as a private his commission was earned on the battlefield. Three times wounded, once home on three months leave and a commission won on the field of war, is a record to be proud of.

Echo of the Oil Boom Days.

The current issue of the Alberta Gazette contains the names of 152 oil and gas companies that are to be struck off the register.

Notice

All elevators in Irma will be closed for noon hours between 12:30 and 1:30 p. m. daily during this season.

The rain which started Friday and continued over Monday has retarded threshing for a few days. The season is quite early yet and it is possible that the grain will all be threshed before snow flies.

Tofield was visited by a fire last Friday morning that destroyed a pool hall, real estate building, and scorched the Royal Alexandra Hotel.

Thanksgiving Day will be celebrated on Monday, October the 13th.

TALES OF OUR OWN COUNTRY

SOME CHRONICLES OF THE DAYS OF THE WAR PARTY AND THE BUFFALO
STORIES TOLD AROUND THE FIRES OF THE HUNTING CAMPS OF BYGONE TIMES

Startling Confirmation Of Tale of Tragedy From Ancient Days

The Finding of the Remains of the Victims of a Massacre

HOW THE SIOUX WOMAN SAVED THE LIFE OF HER WHITE HUSBAND

A striking feature of the work of Verendrye was the confirmation which has come to us of late years of the fidelity of his reports.

Reference has already been made to the finding of the plate buried by his son Francois in the vicinity of the present city of Pierre in the state of South Dakota, but a still more remarkable verification of one of the most dramatic incidents of the expedition was furnished by a party of Jesuits from the St. Boniface college in August, 1908.

A DAUGHTER OF THE WILDERNESS

The day before the departure of this expedition from Fort St. Charles a man named Bourassa had taken the same waterway. There is not much data available about this man. Some writers put him down as a free trader, but as we find him several times employed by Verendrye as messenger and despatch carrier he is more likely to have been under the authority of the commandant, who mild and reasonable as he was, would not have tolerated any infringement of the trading rights of

It will be remembered, that when De la Verendrye returned from Montreal with a new supply of goods and provisions for his western posts, he far outdistanced his brigade of canoes, which are supposed to have wintered at Fort Michilimackinac. During the winter the western garrisons suffered severely from the lack of supplies, and early in the summer the commandant sent his son Jean in charge of a party of nineteen men and accompanied by the Jesuit Father Aulneau to hurry their arrival.

which he and his associates had the monopoly by virtue of a royal charter. There is evidence that Bourassa had long been associated with the wilderness and was likely an attaché of Fort Michilimackinac, given temporary employment by Verendrye. Bourassa had formed one of these wilderness alliances with a Sioux woman long divorced from her people. He had found her a captive among some of the hereditary enemies of the Sioux and had saved her life by purchasing her.

THE TIGERS OF THE FOREST

As Bourassa was skirting the southern shore of the Lake of the Woods, he was surprised by a large flotilla of Sioux war canoes that were entering the lake by means of a stream which bore the ominous name "Way of War." The previous year the Chippewas had ambushed a small party of Sioux and killed some of them. On being taxed with their treachery, they had laid the blame upon the French, and the Sioux always implacable in their resentment, were watching an opportunity for

vengeance. They accordingly pounced with delight upon the hapless Bourassa and made all preparations to engage in one of their horrid debauches of cruelty. The luckless Frenchman was stripped of his clothes and dragged ashore and hurried through the woods to a favorable spot where he was tied to a tree, and preparations made to inflict ceremonial torture while all through the preliminaries these forest barbarians chatted with their intended victim with the utmost appearance of friendship.

WORTHIER VICTIMS

The Indians had ignored his female companion, but as the first burning fagot was applied to the naked body of her protector, she bounded forward and to the surprise of the Indians addressed them in their native tongue and claimed the life of Bourassa, who she said had earned the gratitude of the Sioux people by saving her from the enemies of her tribe. The appeal fell on unresponsive ears. The tigers of the forest were not to be balked of their prey and they sternly ordered her to begone, if she wished to save her own life, while they piled back

the brands which she had scattered, around their captive. Then the unhappy woman in her desperation played her last card. She burst again into the circle of menacing warriors and cried, "Oh my people, what is this that you would do, Spare this man, at whose hands I, who am of your own tribe, have known nothing but good and kindness. If you wish to strike a blow for sake of vengeance, look yonder; even now Frenchmen are entering that bay and among them is the son of their chief and the black robe their priest. They will make a fitting sacrifice."

TAKEN BY SURPRISE

It was true, Jean De la Verendrye with Father Aulneau and his men were even then landing on the shores of a small island opposite. The chance was too good to miss. The savages left Bourassa to be freed by his squaw and set themselves to work to beset the new arrivals. The party had drawn up their canoes and were preparing a meal. Young Verendrye was seated on a boulder

THE MASSACRE

They took them completely by surprise and poured out a volley of arrows at short range from the shelter of the trees. The priest and the leader fell at the first discharge, but some of the voyagers reached their weapons and a number of the Sioux who had exposed themselves fell victims to their own temerity. There was, however, Frenchmen. Some took to the water and endeavored to escape by swimming, but they were pursued by the ruthless savages in canoes and they were despatched with tomahawk and spear.

The Sioux were not content with killing each member of the party but mutilated the bodies. They had been disappointed that the vigorous defence of the Frenchmen had prevented them from taking any prisoners, and there were no living victims to be put to the ceremonial torture. Accordingly they vented their rage on the lifeless bodies. They severed the heads of each member of the party and piled those of the nineteen voyagers on a beaver skin and left them. The beaver

making some annotations, in a small book, the priest was pacing backwards and forwards reading from his breviary, while the voyagers had put aside their weapons and were busy about the small offices of the bivouac. A mist hung over the waters of the lake and the Sioux silently landed on the far side of the island and crept on their victims.

skin was the currency of fur trade and they were likely actuated by some grim and ghastly idea of a sardonic joke in leaving this payment for the lives they had so cruelly taken. The heads of the young leader and the priest were, however, apparently borne away as trophies of their prowess.

It was not until some time later that De la Verendrye learned of this dreadful event. He sent one of his officers with a strong party to collect the poor relics of humanity which strewed the shores of the peaceful island. They were interred in the chapel which the pious explorer had caused to be erected within the stockaded enclosure at Fort St. Charles.

After the death of De la Verendrye and the apathy of his successors, the chain of forts which he erected fell into disuse and were abandoned and forgotten. Fire had swept the region and there was no certain knowledge of even the site of Fort Charles and the sepulchre of these brave men.

OTHER DISCOVERIES

In 1889, in La Vendee, that portion of France of which the inhabitants are fond of declaring was most faithful to its God and its king, a bundle of letters written by Father Aulneau was discovered. They were full of interest and the Jesuits then established in St. Boniface, bestirred themselves to find the earthly remains of this martyr of their order. The late archbishop Langvin took great interest in the work. He spent several vacations on the Lake of the Woods and obtained information from an aged Indian chief named Powasin which indicated that an island known as "Massacre Island" was the scene of the tragedy, but the exact location of Fort St. Charles could not be obtained.

During the months of July and August in the year 1908, an expedition under the leadership of the Rev. Father Paquin, and containing amongst its members Judge Prudhomme and his grace the present Archbishop Beliveau, succeeded in not only discovering the exact site of the ancient fort,

but the remains of the unfortunate victims of the tragedy.

It is on record that De la Verendrye had the bodies of his son and the priest removed from the scene of the massacre and buried in his chapel and at the same time also had the severed heads of the nineteen Frenchmen interred in the same sanctuary. Father Paquin's party discovered the nineteen skulls and the two skeletons. The latter being submitted to anatomical experts in Winnipeg were found to possess all the characteristics which were attributed to the priest and the young Frenchman. Further confirmation was given by the discovery on the skeleton of Verendrye of a peculiar wound which was described in his father's journal as having been inflicted by the Indians on his body. With the remains of Father Aulneau was found beads from a rosary and the hooks used to fasten the cassock of a Jesuit. Several of the skulls of the voyagers were found to contain the heads of the arrows discharged at them by their Indian assailants.

Z. M. Hamilton

Profitable Cream

When cream is selling for \$22.05 per eight gallon can, farmers should have no cause to worry about the profits to be derived from the dairy business. This was the price that John O. Slind, of Kingman, Alberta, received from the Central Creamery, January 19, 1920, and is probably the highest price paid for an eight gallon can of cream this winter. The Swift Canadian Co. recently paid \$20.70, which is also considered to be an exceptionally high price for that amount of cream.

Women Shoplifters

Two women, said to be from Edmonton, named Mrs. Hunter and Jean Lloyd, were arrested a few days ago at Calgary on a charge of shoplifting from the Woolworth stores.

Westerners Honored by Pope

In recognition of their devoted services to the Roman Catholic church the Very Rev. John J. Blair, vicar general and chancellor of the archdiocese of Winnipeg, has been appointed a domestic prelate, and Dr. John K. Barrett, who has been prominent in city ecclesiastical circles for many years, has been made a knight commander of the Illustrious Order of St. Gregory the Great.

Egg Dealers

After the first day of June, 1920, every dealer in eggs in Saskatchewan, whether a wholesaler or retailer, who purchases eggs from producers, must be licensed, and after that date no eggs may be purchased by such dealers until they have been candled and all eggs unfit for human food rejected.

GOOD LAND FOR SOLDIERS

Returned soldiers eligible to settle on crown lands under the soldier settlement board will be able to file on several thousand acres of good Saskatchewan land April 30 this year, according to advices from Ottawa. These lands are Hudson's Bay Company holdings as well as part of the lands held by the Doukhobors in the Kamsack district. Part of the farm land which was recovered by the federal government for soldier settlement purposes will be sold on April 15 and the proceeds put into a special reserve fund to offset settlement losses and to aid physically disabled men.

No information has yet been received at the local office concerning the lands on the Indian reserves and the Matador ranch.

Captain Wood, officer in charge of the local offices, expects to hear from Ottawa concerning these within a short time, giving the details of conditions under which entry will be made, and what date the lands will be thrown open.

CHILDREN LOST IN BLINDING STORM OF SNOW

Caught on the prairie in the raging blizzard that swept over North Dakota a few days ago, Hazel Miner, 18 years old, daughter of W. A. Miner, of Center, sacrificed her life to save her younger brother and sister from freezing to death.

Leaving school at 3 o'clock, the three children started for home in the blizzard in a carriage. About three miles from the school house the rig was caught by the gale, thrown over and wrecked. Realizing the futility of attempting to make progress through the terrific storm on foot, the older girl took charge of the party and made preparations to await rescue. Taking blankets that were in the carriage, Hazel wrapped them about her brother and sister, Emmet, 11, and Meredith, 8. She then took off her own coat to reinforce the blanket covering of her young charges.

After spending 24 hours on the prairie in the blizzard with only the broken buggy for shelter, Emmet and Meredith were rescued by a searching party, the frozen body of their sister beside them. They will recover.

The frozen body of the horse was still attached to the rig when the children were found.

An Alberta Graduate

A. J. Cook, a member of this year's graduating class of the University of Alberta, has just been advised by Professor Osgood, of Harvard University, that he has been appointed an instructor in the department of mathematics of that institution. Mr. Cook will take up his new duties at the beginning of next term, and will, in addition to his work as an instructor, pursue graduate studies in mathematics leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Killed on the Railway

Sidney Matthews, C.N.R. fireman on the Battleford-Prince Albert line, was killed recently when working on a snow plow near Denholm. The snow plow which was sent out from Prince Albert struck a huge snow bank and the equipment was wrecked. Engineer Hitchcock managed to get away from the wreck without being hurt. Corporal Evans, of the provincial police, North Battleford detachment, started out to investigate the occurrence.

Peace River Country Ideal for Cattle Raising

The Dominion live stock branch, markets division report that the growing importance of the Peace River and Grande Prairie districts, Alberta, as feeding grounds for cattle, is indicated in the movement of stockers and feeders to and from those districts during the calendar year 1919. During the twelve months despite the critical feed and pasture conditions in other parts, the Peace River and Grande Prairie districts shipped out only 750 stockers and feeders, and a total of 3,756 cattle of all kinds, while approximately 20,000 stockers and feeders were shipped in. The stock yards figures show an actual increase in holdings from outside sources of 16,244 head of cattle when compared with the holdings in January 1st, 1919.

The various provinces subscribed to the total number of good choice steers weighing twelve hundred pounds and over, marketed at public yards in Canada during 1919, as follows:

	P.C.	No.
Alta.	33.95	34,161
Sask.	20.13	20,252
Man.	8.78	8,845
Ont.	36.01	36,232
Que.	1.13	1,145

Totals 100.00 100,635

"Flu" Prescriptions In Great Demand

Three hundred and fifteen thousand liquor prescriptions were issued last year by B.C. physicians, according to the annual report of the prohibition commissioner, just issued. Vancouver medical men issued 181,350 of these. Last December the number of Vancouver physicians writing liquor prescriptions had grown to 210. Rye whisky is the popular "flu" cure. During the year in all B.C. 25,000 gallons of rye were prescribed and only 9,051 of Scotch. Total sales amounted to \$1,579,000 during the year.

Sask. Judges Disagree Over Arcola District

Judge Rimmer, district court judge of the judicial district of Arcola, in Saskatchewan, some time ago instituted quo warranto proceedings to determine by what authority Judge Hannon of the district court, judicial district of Regina, sits as surrogate court judge in the judicial district of Arcola.

Judge Rimmer has filed an affidavit setting forth his appointment as district court judge for Arcola, also surrogate court judge. No affidavit has been filed by Judge Hannon in this matter.

CALGARY FATALITY

Two lives were lost, a quantity of valuable machinery ruined and the entire walls and roof of the acetylene room blown to atoms in a terrific explosion which occurred one day last week at the Air Liquid Company, Limited, corner of Second avenue and First street in Calgary. Charles Walford, 1313 First street northeast, who was working in the acetylene room at the time, was instantly killed, and Frank Oram, 528 Banning street, Winnipeg, manager of the firm, sustained a badly fractured skull from which he succumbed in the General hospital an hour later.

The PERSONAL SIDE

PROMINENT WESTERN CHARACTERS—SOME INTIMATE ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW

AN AGGRESSIVE WESTERNER

J. K. McInnis and How He Nearly Defeated a Great Opponent

The other day when J. K. McInnis was making a speech at the Regina Parliament Building on the occasion of the luncheon to Mayor Brown of Medicine Hat, he prophesied a great future for the prairie country and foretold rapid development and a great influx of population. He said that it was a great pity that the miscreant who was responsible for burning down the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa had not postponed his work for a year or two, when he was sure that the centre of population would have moved westward, and the logical capital of the Dominion would be by the banks of the Pile of Bones.

He made the claim for himself at the same meeting that he could speak against time with any man in the country.

He did not quite do himself justice in his remark in that respect, for on occasion he can be concise and pithy.

He has had a remarkable career, full of dramatic incidents. There is not room here for even the barest epitome of it. It would take a book and a big one at that to do him justice.

We have been accused recently of boosting the Scotch, and we have lately tried to steer clear of that somewhat pushful and tenacious race; but it is hard to get away from them. When we wrote the caption, J. K. McInnis, at the head of this article, we thought that we had picked a sure enough native of Canada, who would own no ancestry outside of the Dominion. We scratched him only very slightly, and found a Scotchman under the skin. He is a native of Prince Edward Island, and came to Western Canada so many years ago that it would make you dizzy to count them. He taught school, printed a weekly newspaper, was in partnership with a man who became Premier of a province, fought a federal and provincial election, was mayor of Regina, and became one of the largest farmers and land-owners in the region.

The Highland Fling

The writer first met J. K. McInnis some time about the year 1893. It was on an occasion when a number of Scots (you see we can't keep those wretched Scotchmen out. It is like Mr. Dick and the head of Charles I. in David Copperfield) were celebrating the feast of their patron saint, St. Andrew. They were eating a vile concoction, which they affectionately call Haggis, and washing it down with the light wine of their country. As usual on such occasions they were having intervals of song and other things, and one of the impromptu numbers was a very agile performance of the Highland Fling by J. K. McInnis.

He concluded amidst the plaudits of his "Britcher Scots," and remarked, "I am getting too old for this kind of thing." That was twenty-seven years ago, and he does not look much older, and were he dared to do it, could no doubt foot it as deftly as of old.

In 1896 Mr. McInnis fought a great and desperate battle with Nicholas Flood Davin for the federal constituency of Western Assiniboia, and nearly won it too.

A Great Battle

That was an historic campaign, and abounded with dramatic incidents.

The early nineties were hard years in Canada. There had been a financial depression in the United States, and it had spread to Canada. Crops had been poor, and there was no money in the western country. Sir John Macdonald was dead, and with his passing the light had gone from the Conservative party, which, owing to the political genius of its great leader, had become identified with the national ideals of the Dominion. The Manitoba School Question and the proposed remedial legislation had aroused the hostility of the West, and of a great portion of Ontario. Hard times had shaken the faith of the people in the national policy, and they were eager to seek other means of salvation. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sydney Fisher and Fraser of Guysboro had stumped the country offering Free Trade as a panacea for all economic ills, and people eagerly imbibed the new doctrine.

The Patrons of Industry

Nicholas Flood Davin, the brilliant and eloquent member for Western Assiniboia, was for the first time seriously threatened in his citadel. An organization called the Patrons of Industry sprang up amongst the farmers of the West, and spread like wild fire through the country.

J. K. McInnis was one of the leaders and he received the nomination of the association for the federal constituency. The Liberals also had a candidate in the field in the person of J. A. Grant of the Sarnia ranch, but the Patron movement was showing such strength, that it was decided to drop their candidate, and unite with the Patrons in a great effort to defeat Mr. Davin.

A Vivid Page

This was the time that J. K. McInnis lived a vivid page in his life's history. He was a splendid canvasser, and he knew most of the farmers in the country. He had a fine team, and he flew hither and thither visiting the farmers in their homes, calling their horses by their first names, discussing politics with them, and making vigorous speeches at every country school house in the region. He knew the people and he fostered their aspirations and fanned their prejudices, until they were ready to rend the Conservative party to pieces.

Nicholas Flood Davin

Nevertheless, Mr. Davin was strongly entrenched. He was personally very popular, had a matchless gift of moving eloquence, and he was a strong and picturesque character.

There were many joint meetings and much bitter debate and rhetorical fireworks.

There was one great gathering in the old Regina Town Hall. Mr. Davin made a splendid speech, outlining the conditions in

Canada under the national policy, and comparing the Dominion in its state of development to England under Queen Elizabeth; and he concluded a brilliant and stately imperialistic address by quoting with fine effect Kipling's "English Flag."

Kipling was then little known and the fine verses burning with patriotic fire, stirred the audience to a frenzy of enthusiasm. Mr. McInnis also made a vigorous speech, and perhaps scored by dealing with matters more personal to his audience, and concluded by saying that Mr. Davin had boasted that he was impregnable, and that he destroyed all who crossed his path, but the fact remained that some of those upon whom he had turned the barbed arrows of his animosity were occupying honoured positions on the bench and elsewhere; he himself was not intimidated the least in the world.

A Bitter Retort

In his reply Mr. Davin said, "I suppose the allusion is to Judge Scott. We had our differences in the past, but when Judge Macleod died, the Prime Minister wired to me, and asked whom I would recommend for the appointment. I suggested D. L. Scott. The appointment was made, and I am sure that Judge Scott who is in town at present will do me the justice to confirm this statement."

Mr. McInnis was rather taken aback at this, but quickly recovering himself jumped to his feet and shouted: "You wanted to get rid of him."

"Ah, my friend," said Mr. Davin, "if I wished to get rid of you, do you think I would have you elevated to the bench; there may be another and much more humiliating elevation awaiting you."

A Close Contest

The election was full of dramatic incidents, the candidates ran neck and neck and when election day came—the great and historic 23rd of June, 1896, which shook the political fabric of Canada to its foundations—there was little to choose between the two men. At first it seemed as if Mr. McInnis had been elected by a small majority but a few days later some outlying polls placed Mr. Davin in the lead by a few votes. A recount was demanded and Judge Richardson declared the result a tie. The whole election then depended upon the casting vote of Mr. Dixie Watson, the returning officer. He gave it for Mr. Davin, who was accordingly declared elected.

These are but one or two of the incidents with which the career of J. K. McInnis has been bespangled. He is argumentative and aggressive, is a fluent and forceful speaker and no community in which he lives could ever ignore him. He speculated fortuitously when the speculating was good and is reputed to be very well fixed in this world's goods. He is at present quietly engaged in managing a number of large farms which he owns near Regina.

We may have something more to say about him in this column in the future. A page from his life is always vivid and interesting.

THE STORMY PETRAL

It was the Hon. Joe Martin, first of Manitoba, and afterwards of a variety of other places, who was the chief contributing cause to the downfall of the Conservative party in 1896.

He early saw the possibilities of the Manitoba School Question, and he made it of an explosive, that blew the old Conservative party of Sir John Macdonald into fragments, and shook the political life of Canada to its foundations.

The leaders of the party which profited by his agitation were not grateful, so that you would notice it. He thought that he was going to be Minister of the Interior, and so did a lot of other people.

A few days after the election he came to Regina to represent J. K. McInnis in the recount, before Judge Richardson, and during the course of his visit, he addressed a meeting in the town hall when he discussed certain matters of policy, that would be carried out if he became minister.

Nevertheless he was not appointed, and his friends were not sparing in their accusations of ingratitude against Sir Wilfrid Laurier in that respect.

He afterwards went to British Columbia where he was for a short and lurid interval Premier of that Province. He built up a great law practice, which he left for a time to proceed to England and take a fall out of the politicians who foregather in the historic and stately old hall of Westminster. He was duly elected to Parliament for a London constituency and considerably enlivened the debates in the British House.

He is a man of marked ability, but he does not readily make friends. He is a law unto himself, and plays a lone hand. He is afraid of nothing on the face of the earth, and he has been called not inaptly, "The Stormy Petrel of Canadian Public Life."

A NATIVE OF THE WEST

Dr. K. A. J. MacKenzie, dean of the medical department of the University of Oregon and a surgeon of national reputation, died a few days ago in Portland, Oregon, of heart disease superinduced by influenza. He was 60 years old and is survived by two daughters and two sons.

Mr. MacKenzie is credited with having developed nerve grafting. He was born at Cumberland House, Manitoba, and was a graduate of McGill University, Montreal, and the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Fruit Growers Meet to Obtain Sugar

A deputation representing the fruit growers of British Columbia met the British Columbia members of parliament recently to urge upon them for steps to be taken to impress the sugar refineries through government channels the necessity for releasing a supply of sugar early in the year.

The deputation claimed that sugar shipments were often held by the refineries until quite late in the canning season at which time there was a generous supply of orders with a consequent rise in price. They sought to avoid this state of affairs during the coming season by having the supplies available for purchase early.

Mother and Child Victims of Storm

A telephonic communication from Amarant to Gladstone, Manitoba, has just told of a tragedy during the blizzard on Monday last. Mrs. D. Ferley and her eleven year old son perished in the storm while on the way home from the village. The bodies of the two were found close to their sleigh with one of the horses dead, about two miles from their home. The husband is a prosperous farmer in the district and a brother of the member in the legislature for Gimli.

CURRENT COMMENT

ON MATTERS OF PUBLIC INTEREST TO DWELLERS IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES OF CANADA

A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEALING WITH VARIOUS WESTERN QUESTIONS

THE REFUGEE OF HOLLAND

It is difficult to quarrel with the attitude of the Dutch Government in regard to the former Kaiser. The authorities of Holland appear to be quite sympathetic with the Allies; but they think the ancient principle of sanctuary is a sacred one. They say that William came seeking it, and it would not have been consistent with their national honour to consent to its violation.

It is perfectly true that the high crimes and misdemeanours of the former Kaiser have exposed him—and rightly—to the execration of decent humanity, and he should be made to atone for them in sackcloth and ashes; not as an act of revenge—long ago we were told by the highest of all authority, "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord," and the dictum should still govern civilized people—but in order that some future tyrant who might desire to set the world aflame, should have an example before his eyes of what could happen to him. But when such punishment cannot be accomplished without infringing upon a privilege established since the darkest ages, for the protection of humanity the situation becomes a perplexing one.

Society has always recognized that the most heinous criminals have certain rights; and even those who in bygone times had the barbarous sentence of outlawry passed on them might find safety in some place sanctified as a refuge. Even the Mosaic law with its stern doctrine of, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," provided for cities of refuge to which the wicked might flee for safety; and during the turbulent times of the middle ages there were sanctuaries where the writ of authority did not run, and the hunted criminal might find safety and rest.

To the sanctuary of Holland the former Kaiser carried his burden of crime.

It does not add to our estimate of him that he preferred to cast himself upon the chivalry of a little people, whom in the past he had threatened and over-ridden, instead of perishing like a soldier at the head of his men in the din and clangour of battle. At heart he must be a craven and a coward, as most cruel people are, but he has laid hold of the horns of the altar, and the Allies, despite the dreadful wrongs endured at his hands, apparently do not wish to violate the sanctuary by riving him from it by force.

He is pretty safe where he is, and neither he nor his line, will be likely to do much to disturb the peace of the world. His place of abode is guarded by Dutch soldiers and the Allies can arrange for his emasculation in respect to his power for fomenting trouble.

Some alarmists think they see a parallel to the case of Napoleon who came from his retreat in Elba, where he had been banished, and descended like a thunderbolt on a frightened Europe.

But neither the men nor the situations are analogous.

Whatever our prejudices may lead us to say of Napoleon, he was the greatest military genius of almost any age, and a French patriot. He found his country distracted by strife and bloody anarchy; and he turned the eyes of men from the turmoils at home by an appeal to their martial sentiment in foreign wars. If he carried fear and devastation into the land of his enemy, he brought prosperity and honour to his own country. He was a lawmaker of ripened wisdom; he was a financial expert; and despite the pinnacle to which he was borne on eagle wings, he was human and democratic. There was not a soldier in the ranks who did not know him. They loved him with a deep affection, and he was always able to stir them to the wildest enthusiasm. He was their "little corporal," and he could, and often did, talk to them, in their own speech, of their personal and intimate things.

William of Hohenzollern has not any of those attributes. His soldiers were but the instruments of his tyranny, and they trembled at his shadow. He had all the ostentation of the vulgar. He wore royal trappings, but they blazoned over a sordid and a mean personality. He affected the garb of a soldier, but he had neither military genius nor bravery. There is nothing in him either to stir the patriotic ardor of his erstwhile subjects or to appeal to their imagination. When he had the power he was a tyrant, now that he has lost it he is emasculated; the adder has no sting.

He has little chance to do harm to anyone. He was brave enough in his soldier's coat; but it only covered a bankrupt husk. Today he is potent for neither good nor evil; he is a nothing.

STRANGE PHENOMENA

When Sir John Franklin was sent overland through Western Canada by the British Government to explore the Arctic coast off the mouth of the Coppermine river, he was specifically instructed to examine into the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis, and report upon how it affected the magnetic needle of the compass. He discovered that it had strong electrical affinities, and that it made brilliant coruscations in the northern sky, but was unable to give any scientific explanation of it.

That was just about a hundred years ago, and since that time science has not made much progress in solving the mystery.

A few days ago there was an unusually brilliant demonstration of the Aurora Borealis in Canada and the northern States of the American Union, with the result that the telegraph wires were so affected that communication was interrupted for some time.

Despite all our progress, and all our science, and all our boasted knowledge there are still some things that defy our philosophy.



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BRIEFLY, it brings two great exclusive features.

First, the Ultona, a new conception for playing all records at their best. Just a turn of the hand means the correct position on the record, the proper diaphragm and needle for every make.

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The Brunswick
ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

Ford

THE Season's Work is drawing to a close, the crops are all harvested and you are able to see the results of your labor. This is the time when you begin to take stock of your worldly goods and to make plans for next year.

You should not delay the purchase of a Ford Car another year. If you look back over this year's work you will be able to see how many hours and days a Ford Car would have saved you, how many long and tedious journeys would have been shortened and how many costly delays would have been avoided.

And when next Thanksgiving Day comes around you will be truly thankful that you invested in a Ford.

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BUY AT HOME
AND SAVE MONEY

Irma Times
H. G. THUNELL, Publisher

An independent newspaper published every Friday at Irma, Alberta, Canada

Wants, Notices Strays, Etc.

For Sale—Good brood sow and litter of pigs. Apply T. Shaw N. E. 14-46-9. 26-28p.

For Sale.

Clearing Sale to make room, 18 hens, 12 full-blooded Buff Orpington Hens, one year old, and rooster, also young stock from Buff Orpington and S. C. Leghorns.—P. E. Jones, Irma.

For Sale—The N. E. quarter of 30-46-9, six miles north of Irma. Improvements: Barn, house, good well, 40 acres broke, now in summer fallow, all fenced and cross-fenced. Will take \$1600 cash, or what offers? Terms may be arranged.

Apply J. Ellis, Owner 317 Princess St. New Westminster, B. C. 26-32p.

Found—A gold watch. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this ad.

W. B. Peterson

For Sale.

Good Shack with double floor and walls 16x18 and rubbered roof. Small house with single roof finished outside size 14x28. These two buildings can be purchased together or separate and the price is low. Good wagon gear for sale cheap. See J. W. Wyatt.

Local News of Irma and District

Mr. G. Manner has moved his harness repair shop to the building west of Edmonds Hotel.

Mr. L. Hostrip had a valuable milk cow killed by Wednesday Flyer on the track near the station.

One of the New York-Alaska aeroplanes passed over Irma Wednesday afternoon on its return trip from Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Tate and Mrs. and Miss A. Fluwell returned Saturday night after a week's motor trip to Smiley, Saskatchewan.

The wet weather the end of last week delayed threshing a few days but the machines all started up Tuesday and Wednesday.

FABYAN

The stork left a present at Norman King's lately.

Fabyan vicinity crops are second to none in the world. Big statement, huh! Well, come and see if it isn't so.

Mr. Arthur Bishop has secured a position in the round house at Wainwright and is moving in for the winter.

Norman King's new threshing is making the grain fly. It is run by the owner assisted by Wm. Izzard of Wainwright.

We are glad to know that Mrs. Geo. Madder is home after having had her ankle broken some broken some weeks ago.

Bud Cotton is enjoying the fine new house and barn built by the Dominion authorities at the Rockford Park gate.

Lewisville school is progressing under the tutelage of Miss Catherine Harris, not long out from Nova Scotia. She is staying at T. C. Sanders.

The wild geese have sized up the situation and decided that around Fabyan is the best feeding ground and they are on the stubble hereabouts in thousands.

The Hart family has left the Fabyan district and moved to Wainwright, where the two girls are attending school. They are living in one of Wm. Izzard's houses.

James S. Armstrong, son of J. J. has been on the Union Bank staff of Wainwright, as junior, for about a month now. The banks are pretty busy in the harvest rush of business.

YES!

We Sell Ingersoll Watches

Bassett's Drug Store
IRMA - ALBERTA

VIKING

Little Jean Campbell is ill with scarlet fever and consequently the Campbell's are under quarantine.

Miss Naomi Thunell returned to her home in Minneapolis, Minn. Monday after a three months stay.

The Kinsella Fall Fair was held last Wednesday. The Viking Orchestra furnished music for the dance after a local talent concert.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Richardson of Wainwright, spent the week-end at the Jas. Finneure home north of town.

Supt. W. H. Bryan and Insp. J. S. Piper, of the Provincial police, made an inspection of the local barracks in charge of constable Warrior and found everything in ship-shape.

Mr. Simpson of Camrose the returning officer for Victoria constituency in the forthcoming prohibition vote, visited this district last week arranging for appointment of registrars or enumerators to arrange the voters lists in connection with the forthcoming vote to be taken on October 25th, next.

Polling-booths have been arranged in all parts of our district and registrars are being appointed in each polling district. Mr. S. Adams of Collier Bros. Garage has been appointed as registrar for the village of Viking and for the north two rows of section in township 47, range 12-13 and the south two rows of section in township 38 range 12-13.

It is his duty to see that the names of all persons entitled to vote appears on the voters list and it will be well for everybody in the district to make sure that their names are on the list by calling on Mr. Adams. It is not necessary for personal attendance in order to have your name on the list, as it is in larger centres with a population of one thousand or over. This list will be posted up in a conspicuous place on October 10th, and after that date up to the 15th, of October you may have your name placed on the list, if by chance it has been left off, however in the vicinity of viking one need not be deprived of his vote simply by reason of his name not being on the list as he can "swear in" on polling day if necessary.

The following are the qualifications required in order that one may vote.

A. You must be a British subject by birth or naturalization.

B. Must be of the full age, of 21 years.

C. Must have resided in Canada for at least twelve months prior to April 29th, 1920 and must have resided in the electoral district for at least two months immediately prior to April 29th.

Women have the same right to vote as men.

Women however who are British subjects merely owing to the fact of their husbands nationality and who were not born within the British Empire or on the North American continent, will be required to have a certificate of a judge giving them permission to vote, before they can vote. The Judge of the District Court will be sitting in viking on October the 7th, and women who are required to get a certificate in this section should be in attendance at that time. It will be necessary for them to bring their husbands naturalization certificates with them. It is important for everybody to see that his or her name is placed on the voting list, because it will be the list that will be used at the next Dominion Election and people whose names do not appear on this list will be deprived of their vote at the next Dominion Election.

JARROW NEWS.

Thanksgiving dinner and programme will be given at Jarro on Monday, October 18th. A splendid program is being prepared consisting of solos, quartettes, readings and speeches. Come along and enjoy a good time. Dinner 6 to 8. Under the auspices of the ladies aid.

Our harbor was back again Saturday after spending two weeks holidaying south.

Clayton Stouffer returned last week having spent two months north of Edmonton.

Miss Ker of Bruce spent the week end at Geo. Matthews.

Leslie Moore has been appointed enumerator for this district, be sure and have your name on the list.

Rev M D Bayley and family left last Monday for Chicago to take a special course in the Garrett biblical institute.

Wanted, a real live butcher.

The rain last week put a stop to the threshers but the moisture will be beneficial for the fall plowing.

The wheat so far is averaging about 30 bushels to the acre, so the bank has decided to give us a daily service; wonder why.

Mr. Madden, cattle buyer, is around this week.

We are pleased to see Mr. Fleming back at the bank again.

Mr. Lovig, blacksmith, has been poorly for the past week.

Elmer Erickson has purchased a ford runabout.

Harold McDougall has a new Overland.

The bundles are busy going thru the blower these days.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Mr. Editor,

Dear Sir,

As I understand that there is some dissatisfaction among certain parties, about the "Quinte School District," not taking any part in "Kinsella School Fair," I wish to make an explanation through the columns of your paper.

Our garden progressed very favorably during the summer despite the fact that they received no attention during the holidays; but shortly after school opened, some cattle got in at night and totally destroyed everything.

In regard to the other exhibits, there are only a very few pupils in my school who are old enough to take part, and as only one or two of these could possibly attend, we did not think it worth while to take any part.

I would suggest that another year, the children take their garden seeds and plant them at home, then they can be properly looked after.

Thanking you for this favor.
I remain,
yours truly,
Ida M. Blenkhorn.
(Teacher) Quinte School District.

NOTICE

Estate of Frank Roe late of Irma, Alberta, Deceased.

Offers are invited for purchase of portion of Block "F," Townsite of Irma containing 1.59 acres more or less and all improvements thereon formerly the property of Frank Roe now deceased. Offers stating price and terms required should be in writing and forwarded to Fieldhouse & Hunter, Barristers, Irma, Alberta.

We Carry the Latest
Phonograph Records
come in and hear them
We are pleased to demonstrate our records at any time.

10-inch double Records \$1.00

Bassett's Drug Store

For Sale

One Ford Touring Car, self starter, overhauled this spring, in good shape. Will take good note till after threshing.

Carl Pfeifer JARROW.

TO FARMERS OF IRMA DISTRICT

Woodland Dairy Ltd

EDMONTON, ALTA.

Have opened their cream buying station at Irma and hope by fair tests and the best prices to get a share of your business.

Cash for Eggs and Dairy Butter

Woodland Ice Cream is the best.

R. Edmonds,
AGENT, IRMA

KINSELLA Billiard Room and Barber Shop

SOFT DRINKS, CIGARS and CIGARETTES CANDIES

Agent for a few of the best Insurance Companies.

J. J. OVERBO, Prop.

IRMA HARNESS SHOP

ALL KINDS OF HARNESS REPAIRING

Harness Parts made to order

Terms Reasonable and Satisfaction Guaranteed

Geo. M. Manners

NEXT TO Edmonds Hotel

IRMA - - ALTA.

OUR LITTLE ADS DO BIG WORK